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Editorial

Living in the Spirit

The secret of incessant growth in grace, of abounding spiritual peace and of ever increasing power with God and with men is that of **LIVING IN THE SPIRIT**. But what is it to "live in the Spirit"? It is the very opposite of "living in the flesh" or under the control of the fleshly mind. So St. Paul puts these two thoughts and these two models of life in opposition to each other in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Galatians. "The flesh," as St. Paul uses the expression, means the whole of our sinful nature. After the fall of the race, God said of man, "He also is flesh" (Gen. 6:3). That is, all men, in spirit, soul and body, are by nature under the dominion of corrupt, fleshly, sinful appetites, affections, passions and propensities. Living under this dominion they "live after the flesh" and "in the flesh."

Regeneration brings into the heart and life, of the once fleshly man, a new principle, a spiritual life, a power which opposes and subdues the lusts and workings of "the flesh;" the result of which is such a moral transformation of the man that he is said in the Scriptures to have become "a new creature" (Greek, *Ktisis*, creation). The lowest sense in which one "lives in the Spirit" is that in which he continually walks according to the law

of this new and Spirit-begotten life to that degree which enables him to overcome the daily struggles of the old nature to assert itself in various fleshly manifestations. It is the privilege and duty of every child of God thus to overcome "the flesh," and habitually to live according to the law of the spiritual life.

This, however, is not the higher and completer sense in which believers are enjoined to "live in the Spirit;" for at best, such a state is not altogether spiritual, since the carnal life remains lurking in the heart and ever and anon endeavoring to assert supremacy over the man in thought, or word, or deed. The next thing necessary to that complete and abiding life in the Spirit which is the New Testament ideal, is to be "baptized with the Holy Ghost;" to be "filled with the Spirit;" to "receive the Holy Ghost" as "the (indwelling) Comforter;" to be "endued with power from on high;" to "receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you," to be "sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise;" "to be anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power." With the reception of this second special, full and abiding impartation of the seven-fold Spirit of God "the flesh" is not only subdued, as in regeneration, but judged, sentenced, bound and gloriously displaced, by the

abiding presence and sanctifying power of the indwelling Comforter.

The sanctifying, illuminating and empowering baptism of the Spirit is especially designed to make believers *altogether spiritual*—to give them in place of “the carnal mind” “the mind of Christ.” They then breathe and live in a spiritual atmosphere, rise from the lowlands of a mixed moral state to the healthful and inspiring altitudes of a spiritual realm, and rejoice in such a deep and abiding communion with God as they never knew before. Theirs is now in the fullest sense a life begotten of the Spirit, sustained by the Spirit, developed by the Spirit, controlled and led by the Spirit.

The conditions of maintaining this life in the Spirit are few and simple, but exceedingly important.

There must be perpetual and full surrender to the divine will and to the teaching and leading of the Spirit and the Word of God. These two will always agree.

There must be a constant barring out of the heart and life of all that savors of worldliness and grieves the Holy Spirit. There must be a momentary reliance by faith upon the virtue of Christ’s blood and upon the power of the Holy Ghost. There must be incessant watchfulness and prayer, and a faithful use of the appointed means of grace. And finally, this life in the Spirit must, in order to its maintenance and development, be continually emptying itself into other lives for their redemption and salvation, as spiritual utility, and not personal enjoyment, is the end for which it is bestowed.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving is born of love. A loving heart is always a grateful heart, and a grateful heart always seeks to express its gratitude by giving thanks.

Thanksgiving Day should be beneficently observed. Tender and helpful ministries to the poor, the sick and the sorrowing on this joy-

ous anniversary will give much added value to our public and formal expressions of praise. “Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared,” is a scriptural direction for the observance of a public thanksgiving. Who will remember it and heed it?

Christ’s Example of Prayer

No. 2

We have noticed Christ’s all-night season of prayer, which preceded the choosing of the twelve apostles and the delivering of the Sermon on the Mount.

Another memorable occasion of a

very similar nature followed the feeding of the five thousand. It was at the close, virtually, of His great Galilean ministry, and a year before His death; for John says the Passover was at hand, the Passover

which came one year before the crucifixion, and which Jesus did not attend. The Baptist had just been slain by Herod Antipas, and his sad disciples had come to Jesus and told Him of the terrible event. Jesus well knew it shadowed His own fate, and we can be sure that He gave the stricken band a welcome worthy of the one to whom He had borne such lofty tribute, a welcome that assuredly swallowed up any remaining traces of that envy they had once felt over the growing popularity of Jesus and the waning following of the Baptist.

The disciples of Jesus seem to also have returned at this time from an evangelistic tour, and He took them, with perhaps also the disciples of the Baptist, into a boat for a little season of seclusion and rest, and crossed the lake into the retired locality of Bethsaida.

But a multitude invaded the seclusion, over whom His inmost soul yearned, for He saw them as sheep having no shepherd, the prey of unprincipled politicians, ecclesiastics, and adventurers. He taught them throughout the day the things of the eternal kingdom, and then, as evening came on, He gathered them around Him as His and the Father's guests, and blessing the five barley loaves and two fishes, broke them and continued to break, until the vast throng was fed to overflowing, simply and economically, but with more than enough for all.

The miracle was an amazing one, and it set ablaze the Messianic spirit of the crowd. Here was a leader of matchless, mysterious power, who could head a triumph-

ant revolt against Rome, supply at a word the needs of an army, perform the magic marvels expected of the Messiah by the rabbis, and flood the nation with luxury and wealth. This miracle-working Galilean must be made king, and the days of tax-paying and toil be ended. With one consent they yielded to the common impulse and were determined to carry their revolutionistic dreams into effect.

It was the temptation of the wilderness repeated—the offer of the kingdom of the world on the basis of spiritual compromise. And how did Jesus meet the great crisis? Now that His enormous power was recognized, and authority was fairly forced upon Him, how would He cope with the situation?

First, He constrained the disciples to leave, sending them away in a boat. They could not be allowed to remain in such an atmosphere. Their views were much the same as the views of the multitude, and they doubtless deemed it a most propitious occasion for Christ and themselves. A political revolution supported by miracles, and issuing in a kind of Arabian Nights order of affairs, a kind of Mohammedan Paradise, would have met their idea of the fitness of things, for their minds had been industriously filled with such ideas from their earliest years. Surrounded by the excited multitude they were like powder near fire and must be sent away, so Jesus constrained them to depart, most surely to their great disappointment.

Next, He dismissed the multi-

tide, with all their dreams. He had not come to set up one more beast empire upon earth, such as those symbolized in the visions of Daniel. Such kingdoms, by reason of their carnality, must pass away, with all other accompaniments of sin, but He must build for eternity. He thought too much of men to mock them with worldly politics, and He would not mock God with any such sham.

Then, having dismissed the Twelve and the multitude, He withdrew into the solitudes of the mountains. The Greek reads literally, "He fled." He could not endure the moral atmosphere of the circumstances. It was like the fire of hell to His soul, and He must flee away. Up the heights He went, away into their seclusion and freshness, alone with the Father, under the light of the Passover full moon. A great wind began to blow, the sea rose, and far out on the deep the boat was tossing in the wild confusion, while the minds and hearts of the Twelve were doubtless tossed more wildly still, with dreams of a carnal kingdom and with perplexity over the conduct of Christ.

The same wind tossed His garments and His hair, and the same storm of temptation beat against His soul, but on He prayed, alone against the world and Satan, the one champion of the kingdom that is true. Hour after hour He prayed on, for Himself, for the Twelve, and for mankind. Up through the storm of delusions and evil He fought His way, and prevailed, for Himself and for us, until He came down with the calm of infinity filling His

whole being, and walked the tossing deep as if it had been adamant, Master of nature, of demons, and of men. Once again He had triumphed gloriously, and that by prayer.

The next day He preached in the synagogue at Capernaum the discourse on the bread of life, which winnowed His hearers as with a winnowing fan, and scattered the loaf-hunters before the blast of truth. The multitude turned away, and even one of the Twelve, Judas, had already, perhaps, under the stress of these very circumstances, become at heart a demon. But Peter voiced the hearts of others, in saying, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The foundations of the kingdom were being laid, deep, strong, immovable, and one of the chief means by which Jesus prevailed to so lay them was through prayer.

Work as we will and toil as we may, our labor will issue in utter failure unless, like our Master, we prevail in prayer. Do we as a people pray as we ought?

JOHN LADUE.

Holiness should be professed when experienced, but those who profess it should do so in terms that are scriptural, and that do not savor of self-sufficiency or boastfulness; and it should be sure to bring the bottom of their living to the top of their profession.

Nature has no remedy for sin. Say what we may of the will as a self-determining power, we have absolutely no ability of any kind to affect our own regeneration.

The Spiritual Life

To Our Dearly Beloved Brother, Rev. Wilson T. Hogue,
in His Affliction

Rev. James S. Bradbrook

As dark and searchless as the springs of
life

Those sudden changes and perplexing
ways,

Where conquering hero, towering in the
strife,

Goes down as suddenly as a child of
days

Before some unknown and mysterious
cause;

So subtle its approach we scarce re-
call

That in defiance of all natural laws

Holds up the weak and makes the
strong to fall.

We deemed thee rugged, with thy Scot-
tish blood,

And health protected from the sins of
youth,

And watched thee press beyond where
stood

In life's great battle 'gainst the foes of
truth.

With mind developed and with courage
strong,

Acknowledged leader far beyond thy
years

In strong debate, or 'midst the enwrapt
throng

Moved by thy eloquence to smiles or
tears.

We watched thee, peerless in thy match-
less gifts,

Thy strength of purpose and thy genial
ways,

Till, quick as lightning thro' a clear sky
rifts,

We saw thee stricken, nor withheld
our gaze.

For roofless cottage when decayed and
torn

Will scarce retain the passing
stranger's gaze,

While palace wrecked, with all its glo-
ries gone,

Holds his attention and demands his
praise.

No wealth nor science can that waste re-
claim,

But thou, upheld by thousand fervent
prayers

Uttered in faith in Jesus' matchless
name

With powers restored may outstrip
other years.

Tho' now thy brain be still, thy tongue
refuse

To utter more the words of counsel
wise,

Thy brilliant talents lie in cold disuse,

While Hope defeated folds her wings
and dies;

Yet well we know tho' thou art laid
aside

Thy work goes on and ceases never-
more,

As tiny ripple on yon lake grows wide

And wide till broken on the farther
shore.

What matter then to one who has his
life

Already hid away with Christ in God,
Whether he falls in battle's swelling
strife,

Or passive bends beneath affliction's
rod?

Is not His will our highest aim and
place

And this to do, or suffer, as He please?

To idly suffer may seem hard for thee,

To know He will it brings thee greater
ease.

Nor would we chide thee if this sudden
stroke

That checks thy progress in thy prime
of life

Should dim thy sight and unsought
doubts provoke,

As doubts are apt to crowd on sudden
grief;

But whilst thou linger'st in thy forced
retreat,

We'll press the battle in this holy war,

Thy counsels heed, thy cheering words
repeat,

And strike for thee when thou canst
strike no more.

And may the God you served so well in
health

Fulfil His promises each hour to thee;
Whose purpose is thy greater, changeless
wealth,

Thro endless cycles of eternity.

Binghamton, New York.

Prophecies of Immortality

Rev. Clyde R. Ebey

Latent in the human soul are possibilities that demand immortality for their expression. The genius that can conquer gravitation and make the air to blossom with its ships; the intellect that can multiply immeasurably the lenses of the eye, chart the heavens and weigh the stars; the perseverance that can span the ice fields of perpetual winter and plant the Stars and Stripes on the top of the world; the poetry of execution that can draw from the violin melodies to rival an angel's song: these are index fingers that point to soul qualities that must have wider sphere than our tiny globe, broader reach than three score years and ten.

The soul cry for immortality is a world cry. From the heart of the Thibetan, who, on finding the words of John 3:16, "everlasting life," traveled to distant India to find the missionary who would show him the path to that life; from the bandit Cole Younger in his cell reading an infidel book and involuntarily exclaiming, "I don't believe it," as he read the lie that death ends all; from the Chinese mourners burning

paper money and providing victuals for the needs of their loved ones in the life to come; from the pagan philosophers groping for the light of life; from the African natives who laugh at immortality and yet upon dreaming of the distress of a dead friend will make offerings of meat and beer near the stump where the spirit is supposed to reside; from the Indian dreaming of his happy hunting-ground; from the Mohammedan fanatic buying a place in a sensual heaven with the death of an unbeliever, or with his own; from the devout Christian building his hope upon promises of granite; yea, from the four winds of heaven comes the cry for eternal life, and the dust of antiquity is vocal with the plea for a continuity of existence that will meet the native out-reachings of the soul.

Said the greatest religious scientist of the nineteenth century, "Nature makes no half hinges. God does not create a desire to mock it. The universe is not unskilfully made. There are no dissonances in the divine works. Our constitutional instincts raise no false ex-

pectations. Conscience tells no Munchausen tales. The structure of the human constitution is not an organized lie. 'The Creator keeps His word with us.'"

Ever changing, constantly breaking down and renewing, the old giving place for the new, are the particles of our body, yet back of all the change lies something that never changes—the I, the Ego, the soul. Fading, perishing, dissolving—these are the words Scripture uses to express the former; abideth, eternal, everlasting—these to describe the texture of the soul.

To the triumphant Christian death is but an incident; not so much a dark hill where in loneliness life is crushed from the breaking heart—Jesus tasted that portion of death for us. Rather an Olivet fronting a sea of glory where we gaze out upon an unbounded life of pure felicity, and our spirits, unshackled from mortality, spring out and up into a new and wonderful existence in the presence of God; that mortality might be swallowed up of life, that death might be swallowed up in victory, as the dawn swallows the shadows of night, grim, haunting, threatening, all pervading, so victory swallows death, so life swallows mortality. Do not war with shadows, usher in the dawn. Oh, that is the victory over the last enemy. It is the revelation of Christ at the crossing. It is the radiant coming of the chariot of the morning. It is the bursting forth upon the turbid waters of the strength, the power, the glory that beats about the great white throne.

Emerson once wrote, "Jesus

never preaches a personal immortality. The moral and intellectual reality to which we aspire is immortal, and we only through that." Oh, hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? and the intellectual princes of this world? How shall the great man be answered? How, but by ten thousand coal-miners and ditch-diggers and hod-carriers and clerks and farmers and seamstresses and tired mothers and poor Free Methodist preachers who say they desire nothing but God and pretend to know nothing outside of God; who rise up with the Bible in their hand, with their gaze fixed upon the Invisible One, and with a light that never was on sea or land suffusing their faces, exclaim, "*We know that we have passed from death unto life. We are forever through with everything that has to do with the charnel house. The graveyards are entirely withdrawn from our calculations. We have eternal life! We feel the pulsations of everlasting being! We are conscious of the throbbing of eternal existence! We feel the power of an endless life! Heaven on earth already begun! LIFE! LIFE! ETERNAL LIFE!*"

"Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired in stars we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over Death and Chance and
thee, O Time!"

Whittier, California.

If you feel the need of a closer walk with God, the need of a more constant communion with Him, seek the salvation of some soul.

The Woman Who Couldn't Speak in Meeting

Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador, tells how some years ago he buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate spit of sand running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell, were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, he advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on he visited the farm, which was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth re-

cording: "I can not teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children."

"I was glad," says Dr. Grenfell, "that she *could not speak* at the prayer-meetings. Perhaps after all we grade our Christians by a wrong standard. How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? It is one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews."—*Common People.*

The Inner Light

I believe that whoever yields to God utterly will have this inner illumination, and that the more perfect the surrender to God may be, the more perfect the illumination will become. I have often compared this light, not to the lightning, but to that image of a star which springs up in the telescope when once the tube is put upon the orb of the sky. We cleanse and adjust the lenses, and when the instrument is brought to bear on the line of light from the star, that instant the light flashes through the tube and the image of the star springs up in the instrument. In this way we are made. It shows the divineness of the organization of the human heart that it can thus produce within itself the image of God. We do not convert ourselves. It is by the light God

gives us that we adjust our souls; it is by this that we cleanse the lenses of our faculties and arrange them so as to bring this image into the telescope.

All this, however, we do by our own choice. We can do it or not. I hold that the will is free. But although men may, by divine wooing, be brought to guide the tube so that it may produce these effects, the effects, nevertheless, are supernatural. It is the star which makes the image in the chambers of the instrument; man does not produce it. He adjusts himself to God. Then God by another process flashes through him His Spirit and produces in the chambers of the soul an image of Himself.

I believe that this is a universal human capacity. I believe no hu-

man being can yield to God utterly, gladly, irreversibly, without finding an inner illumination starting up in the chambers of the soul, an illumination so intense that you may burn up in it your sins; an illumination by which this holy Word grows strangely sweet and luminous. [The Psalmist in several instances speaks of this experience.]

If the Bible is a mystery in many of its passages, let us be sure that we read it by "the inner light." Let

"the inner light" fall unobscured upon its pages; and although the brightest light that souls in these dark ages can receive will compare with this light as the rush-light does with the noon, still there is an analogy between the inner light and the light of inspiration itself. So that I sometimes say the inspired Scriptures in this holy Word are best interpreted by the illumined scriptures in reverent souls.—*Joseph Cook.*

The Modesty of Holiness

Can there be in this world an interest greater than that of holiness? Can there be held out to man a greater boon than to be a partaker of the Divine nature? And will not the consciousness that I possess such a boon lead to a just sense of my own personal unworthiness as also of my great need?

If holiness be an effect of my Lord's working, and not chiefly the product of my own activity, shall I not, in my profession, be careful lest I even seem to claim glory for it?

It was said of our Savior, "He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets." If He—the independent One—was so modest and retiring, shall I (so utterly dependent) thrust myself forward ostenta-

tiously "as a model for others to pattern after?"

Nay; true holiness will not be advanced by the parading of my self-advertised goodness, but rather by my settling down into blessed harmony with this precept, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

What is the gift of tongues, what is any mere gift as compared with the grace of a meek and lowly spirit, and a life of unassuming righteousness?

Let us be grateful for the fulness of the Redeemer's love; let us bravely, yet humbly, make our professions up to the measure of realized possession, but let us not forget the modesty of holiness.—*Selected.*

I Know Not—Yet Know

Rev. L. Hartsough

The following stanzas were written, says the *Christian Witness*, by a brother who, thirty years ago, was one of the popular song writers, and who is the

author of "I Am Coming, Lord," which has been a blessing to thousands. Brother Hartsough is now in his eighty-first year and still pressing forward. His many

friends will be glad for this, his latest song. It can be sung to the tune, "O Thou in Whose Presence."

I know not the raptures awaiting me there
Or the gladness of Heaven above,
But I know that the Savior can save from
all sin,
As He thrills my poor soul with His
love.

I know not what Jesus is treasuring
up

For the saved by His throne over there,
But I know in His smiles there is wonderful peace

As He gives me His Presence to share.

I know not the glory or joy of His saints,

Who with loved ones now gaze on His
throne,

But I know the unspeakable bliss and
delight

That Jesus reveals to His own.

I know not the grace of the mansions
prepared,

Or the songs of their heavenly cheer,
But I know that my soul swells with
gladdest of songs

As Jesus reveals Himself near.

So, walking with Jesus, content with His
ways,

I tarry to measure His will,

And know as He saves me from sin day
by day,

His dear pledges He'll gladly fulfil.

Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Christian Work

"What Is In Thine Hand?"

What is in thine hand? A broom? Use it for God. The broom of the domestic servant may as truly be used for God as was the scepter of David or Solomon.

What is in thine hand? A trowel, a hammer, an ax, a chisel, a saw, or some other mechanical tool? Use it for God. Jesus Christ gave dignity to labor; the sweat-beads of honest toil stood on His brow.

What is in thine hand? A pen? A pen is mightier than the sword. The pen of Shakespeare, of Longfellow, of Tennyson, of Whittier! Oh, matchless instrument! A pen in the hand of Harriet Beecher Stowe stabbed slavery in the heart. A pen in the hand of George Kennan to tell the story of darkest Russia is mightier than the sword of the Czar of all the Russias.

Have you a pen? Use it for God.

Perhaps it is a typewriter. Touch its key; make sweet music that shall echo around the globe. We are all familiar with George Herbert's admirable expression of this thought:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

We need grit and grace to use the old sword, the old hammer, the old fire, the old and always new gospel. Oh, can you not find some poor soul to-day who does not know Jesus? Can you not tell some wanderer about the Christ? What is in thine hand? Wealth? Consecrate it now to God. What is in thy mouth? A tongue of eloquence? Use it for God. The tongue is the mightiest instrument that God ever made. What is in thine hand? A

kindly grasp? Give that to some sad soul. [It perchance may be a blessing to him when lonely.]

Let us consecrate everything to Him. The office, the plow, the pen, the needle, the tongue, the hands, the feet, and the heart for Jesus. When the pierced hand of Jesus

Christ is laid on the printing-press, on wealth, on learning, on beauty, on culture, on every gift and grace in every relation in life, then the splendor of the millennial dawn will color the eastern sky with its crimson and gold.—*R. S. MacArthur, D. D.*

Good Works

None but fools act without motive. To deprive a wise man of every motive to act is to keep him in total inaction; and to rob him of some grand motive is considerably to weaken his willingness to act, or his fervor in acting.

The burning love of God is undoubtedly the most generous motive to obedience; but alas! thousands of good men, like Cornelius, are yet strangers to that powerful principle shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost. In thousands of weak believers, love is not properly kindled; it is rather a smoking flax, than a blazing fire. In a thousand Laodicean professors, it is scarcely lukewarm; and in all apostates it is waxed cold. Therefore, in a sickly state of the church militant, it is as absurd in preachers to urge no motive of good works, but grateful love, as it would be in a physician to insist that a good stomach must be the only motive from which their patients ought to take either food or physic. Our Lord, far from countenancing our doctrinal refinements in this respect, perpetually urges the practise of good works, but promising heaven to all that persevere in doing them, while He deters us from sin, by

threatening destruction to all that persist in committing it; working thus alternately upon our hopes and fears, those powerful springs of action in the human breast.

If the oracles of God command us to work from an initial life of grace, for an eternal life of glory, frequently annexing the promise of heavenly bliss to good works, and threatening all workers of iniquity with hell torments; it follows that heaven will be the gracious reward of good works, and hell the just wages of the bad ones.—*John Fletcher.*

The Church that is to win must be a *Church that keeps up a perpetual warfare against sin.* Mark you, I do not say against sinners; I say against sin, anywhere and everywhere that you find it.

Now there are always people in our churches that will make it very hard for us when we try to do that, and do it honestly; they are over-possessed with a sentimentalism that eternally cries for peace, peace, peace. They do not believe in making an effort about anything in the world. They believe in peace, just sitting down and having peace.—*Len G. Broughton.*

The Word of God

Old Testament Testimony of Christ

H. Franklin Hill

No. 4

OF HIS BIRTH

So having a human side to His nature and character, and being of a long line of human genealogy, the Son of David was to be born, in common with all His fellow-men. But it is remarkable that in every case in the Old Testament, where it speaks specially of His birth, it also speaks of Him as something more than human, giving to Him either the names or attributes of divinity. Being divine, as well as human, it is not strange that the circumstances attending His birth should be different from those which attend the birth of ordinary mortals; and being "the seed of the woman," that He should be peculiarly such, receiving His human life from but the one parent—his mother—being as the New Testament explains, "conceived of the Holy Ghost." Isaiah, in holy vision, obtained some glimpse of this and exclaimed in ecstasy at his discovery, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel" (Isaiah 7:14). Wonderful prophecy of the Redeemer! Like many of the most important of Old Testament prophecies, it seems to have little relevancy, little connection with the circumstances that called it forth, yet it stands forth to all time, as one of the clearest prophecies concerning

the Redeemer's birth. And though the actual birth of Christ after this manner might seem to those who are disposed to cavil as "a cunningly devised fable," invented by His apostles—simple-hearted and honest men though they were—yet to the believing, those who have tasted of His grace, the passage affords confirmatory evidences of the divine inspiration and infallibility of the Old Testament Scriptures. As mentioned before, the inspired prophet does not allow the occasion to pass without testifying to the divinity of the child thus to be born, but exclaims in the same breath, "and shall call His name Immanuel"—God with us. How appropriate to the Christ of the New Testament!

Continuing the subject which called forth this prophecy, the prophet breaks forth into a still more remarkable prophecy concerning the Son that is to be born in Israel: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE" (Isa. 9:6). See also the next verse. Wonderful being, having His birth among the sons of men, yet possessing all the attributes of the Deity! Is not this the Christ?

That the name and character of such a Being should thus be proclaimed and heralded ages before His entrance upon the scenes of this world, is but in accordance with the eternal fitness of things; and truly it must be said that the Almighty did not leave His servants and prophets without witness.

This calls to mind the wonderfully inspired testimony of Micah on this subject. For Micah particularizes even to the place of Christ's birth; and while doing this he also, as do the other prophets, acknowledges both His divinity and eternity: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings

forth have been from of old, from everlasting" (Micah 5:2).

Though the Son had existed with the Father to all eternity yet it was concerning His incarnation only that David spoke the words of the Father, "Thou art my Son: this day have I begotten thee" (Psa. 2:7). See also verse 12. It was to Christ's human birth also that the Father testified to the Psalmist: "Also I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth" (Psa. 89:27). See also context.

Thus intimately are the Messiah's birth and divinity associated in the Old Testament scripture. But apart from this, the subject of His divinity is one of the great themes of the Old Testament.

Rochester, New York.

William Gladstone as a Bible Student

Lord Salisbury called Mr. Gladstone a great Christian. To this Mr. Morley adds: "Nothing could be more true or better worth saying. He not only accepted the doctrines of that faith as he believed them to be held by his own communion; but he sedulously strove to apply the noblest moralities of it to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations." These striking statements indicate the real source of the power of the great statesman.

They suggest also that Mr. Gladstone must have been a diligent student of the Bible, for no man can become a great Christian without constant meditation on the teachings of Christ and on the divine rev-

elation that preceded His coming and His teaching.

In fact, Mr. Gladstone began early to read and study the Bible. His diary shows that between the ages of twelve and eighteen he had formed the habit of Bible study that endured to the end. One constant entry in his diary, Mr. Morley says, is: "Read Bible." While at Oxford his Greek Testament and Bible, as indicated by the entries in his diary, were in daily use. On one Sunday he attended chapel three times, read his Bible, and looked over his Shorter Abstract of Butler's Analogy. A few days later the entry in his diary states that he read the Bible and four of Bishop Horsley's sermons.

A little later in his career, when he was twenty-three years of age, he stated in a memorandum that up to that age he had taken a great deal of teaching direct from the Bible. "But now," he adds, "the figure of the church arose before me as a teacher, too, and I gradually found in how incomplete and fragmentary a manner I had drawn divine truth from the sacred volume, as indeed I had also missed in the Thirty-nine Articles some things which ought to have taught me better." Long before he entered upon his marvelous public career he had a firm conviction that men who had no belief in the divine revelation are not the men to govern the nation. [Would that more had this conviction.]

In the strain and stress of his later political life the Bible was an unfailing source of light and strength to him. He speaks frankly in his journal of what the Bible was to him in the crisis of his life. His words are well worth taking to heart by all men: "On most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings. Many could I recollect. The Psalms are the great storehouse. Perhaps I should put some down now, for the continuance of memory is not to be trusted. 1. In the winter of 1837, Psalm 128. This came in a most singular manner, but it would be a long story to tell."

Though men persistently misunderstood him, Mr. Gladstone seems to have acted throughout his life on Christian principles. "Life was to him," says Mr. Morley, "in all its aspects an application of

Christian teaching and example." Of all his teachers he said he owed most and owed enormously to the four Gospels.

He once sent to one of his sons at Oxford an outline of suggestions for the conduct of life. These, it is said, were really a description of his own habit and unbroken practise. Among them was this: "As to duties directly religious, such as daily prayer in the morning and evening, and daily reading of some portion of the Holy Scripture, or as to the holy ordinances of the gospel, there is little need, I am confident, to advise you; one thing, however, I would say, that it is not difficult, and it is most beneficial, to cultivate the habit of inwardly turning the thoughts to God, though but for a moment in the course or during the intervals of our business, which continually presents occasions requiring His aid and guidance."

In the light of what we know to have been Mr. Gladstone's loyalty to Christian teaching, we are not surprised by his steadfast purpose to apply Christian principles to all phases of life and conduct. Once, in a conversation with an American visitor, he said that every problem of life is a gospel problem. He believed that the teachings of Christ, when received and obeyed, will regulate all human life in the best possible manner. He believed that in Christ all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden.

He stands out in the history of the past century not only as an intellectual giant, but massive in his Christian personality. Every one

who seeks to live life at its best will find it well worth while to study with care the career of this marvelous man. He once wrote, "All I write, and all I think, and all I am, is based on my unfeigned faith in

the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race."

On the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture his inner life was built up.—*The Bible To-day*.

Pulpit and Pew

Ministerial Success

Every minister certainly wishes to be successful, and it is not an impossible thing to be successful. It is not possible for the merely average man to attain the celebrity of the extraordinary man who is endowed with brilliant talents, enabling him to be a great orator, scholar or leader among men. But it is not expected or demanded that the average man shall have extraordinary success or prominence. There are not enough places of extraordinary prominence and compensation. It is enough if he do his work with what ability and power he possesses, and have enough modesty, patience and devotion to go on in the way of sincere Christian service.

After all is said and done, people are very much alike, and ministers are very much alike, and it should not be a hard thing to make a good fit between minister and people if they all love God and are ready to do His will. It is not a matter of great eloquence, on the one hand, or of great salary on the other. These are not to be expected. Most churches are not very wealthy or made up of very brilliant people, and most ministers are not remark-

able for scholarship or oratory or rhetoric.

The matter is one of a loving desire to do God's will in the ways of true religion. The people are banded together in the church for the sake of getting spiritual good and doing spiritual good, and if they are really believing, praying and loving-hearted people they will not be hard to serve or to help. If the minister be a genuinely good, sensible, well-balanced Christian man, he will be able to help the people in any ordinary, average church.

Many a minister, when he faces a congregation larger in number than he has been accustomed to, is apt to think that he is before a greater people, when, one by one, they may be just the same sort he has been preaching to, and need just the same help and counsel. He is apt to think that because it is wealthier than the people he has been preaching to, or because the house is architecturally finer, he must preach a more elegant and dignified sermon, when their hearts have just the same needs and their lives the same tendency to sin as those to whom he has been bringing the gospel from Sabbath to Sabbath.

Let a minister be an ambassador for Christ or whatever he may be, and address the people in the simple, serious earnestness and love that he should have, and he will find that human hearts, everywhere, will respond. What is needed is a straightforward sincerity and earnestness that befits the gospel and the pulpit, and there need be no failure on the part of any minister, anywhere, or at any time.

Nearly every minister who breaks down, or fails, does so on account of some trivial thing that he might just as well have avoided. He preaches too long, or prays too long, or wastes too much time in various ways in the pulpit, making the people weary. Or he is inaccurate in language, making the people cringe over mispronunciations or false syntax or other careless elements of speech. Or he is offensive

in his personal habits, or greatly careless in his dress, or too talkative or too reserved, or an offender against ordinary social laws. It would seem that a minister might be able to go right along and not be offensive, in the pulpit or out of it, and, in a clean, simple way, do the work to which he has been called.

Any man who has made the required preparation, and has come into the ministry in the regular way, should be able to live and work and preach in such a way as to make any ordinary church thrive under his care. If he is unselfish enough to keep his thoughts and his words and actions from dwelling on himself, and if he is filled with love for Christ and His cause, he will find himself prepared to secure happy success in any church to which he may be called.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Fletcher's Theodicy

Rev. John C. Shackelford

No better theodicy has ever been given to the world than that given by the saintly Fletcher in his answer to Toplady's "Vindication of the Peeress."

Toplady asks, "Why did God permit sin?" To this question Fletcher replied: "God never properly permitted sin, unless Mr. Toplady can prove that to forbid in the most solemn manner and under the severest penalty is the same thing as to permit. Do you ask, 'Why did not God absolutely hinder sin?' I will answer, Because when God saw that the free agency of His creatures would introduce sin He determined

to overrule or remedy it in such a manner as would, upon the whole, render this world, with all the voluntary good and voluntary evil in it, better than a world of necessary agents, where nothing but necessary good would have been displayed—an inferior sort of good this—which would not have allowed of the exercise of God's political wisdom and distributive justice, no more than the excellence of precious stones and fine flowers admit the laws of rewards and punishments."

From this answer we see the word "permit," when used in reference to sin, does not admit the idea

of approval, but signifies only to suffer or not to absolutely hinder. God can by His omnipotence absolutely hinder sin, but He does not and can not, as a holy God, permit sin in the sense of approving it. This is a distinction which Mr. Bledsoe, in his *Theodley*, fails to recognize. He denies that God could permit sin, either in the sense of approving sin or not absolutely hindering. If God cannot absolutely hinder sin, His omnipotence would be limited. But if He were absolutely to hinder sin in every case as the rule of His government, then man's goodness would be a necessary goodness, which is to make man a mere machine.

While God saw fit in His government of the world in some cases

to permit sin, He did not make this the rule of His government, because if man knew that in every case he would be hindered from committing sin, he would cease to be free to do wrong. He might be free to do good if there be such a freedom as freedom to do good where there is no ability or freedom to do evil. It is certainly, as Mr. Fletcher says, an inferior kind of goodness, "which would not admit the existence of God's political wisdom and distributive justice any more than stones or flowers."

No better solution of the problem of evil has been or ever can be given to the world than this of that saintly man whose spiritual vision has never been excelled.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate*.

Personal Power

The power of the pulpit lies in the word and in the personal quality of the preacher. The man goes with the message he delivers. When a minister leaves the exposition of the Word of God and becomes a lecturer, he throws away the secret of that which he seeks. The pulpit is the gospel platform; the minister is sent to it with the instruction, "Preach the Word." Texts are not mottoes, but God's word to men, and they should be so used. When not so used the divine element is eliminated. Men will hear when God speaks if he through whom He would speak will listen to His Spirit and deliver the message he hears.

But the great power of the pulpit is in the minister himself, in his re-

lation to men. He bears a message to men, but he will not be able to deliver it unless he knows the language of those to whom he speaks; he speaks in an unknown tongue. The heart knows the heart; a speaker is understood and his words have power when he is able to directly address the hearts of the people. To do this he must know men. More than this, he must love men. Jesus lived in constant sympathy with those about Him. He entered into their life. As He walked among the incurables, His soul was moved. When He looked upon the multitude who had waited on Him all the day, He was moved with compassion. When He met the funeral company at the gate of Nain, His heart went out to the weeping

mother. He lived in love, and no one was too far away to be beyond His sympathy, no one too separate by caste, social order or character to be beyond His outgoing love. Hence He could speak to men. He could speak to them in their own heart language, and His word was with power.

The sermon must present the Word of God in its true relation to the experience and the needs of men. The minister's heart should be like a reservoir, into which the

springs of life continually flow, the streams of life about him. Then his words will be living waters to those who hear him. He should know his own people and speak to their needs, so that when men, discouraged as Asaph was, come into the sanctuary, they will hear the words of light and comfort they need. Love is the secret of power; love in personal touch with the life immediately around, the people of the every-day life. [Why not possess this power now?]*—Selected.*

Human Thorns

We once knew a minister of whom it was said by one of his intimate acquaintances, that if he were going to preach at any place and had two sermons, one of which would probably please the majority of his audience, and one that would as certainly offend them, he would be sure to choose the latter; and he seemed to do it from an impression that only by offending or irritating people could he convince them of his real ability, and the individuality of his character. There may not be many who carry the matter quite so far as that man did, but we imagine we have met a good many of the disposition as if with an idea that only so would they be given credit for originality of thought or force of character.

Are there such things as Human Thorns? Sometimes we fancy we have met persons of the briar type. You had no intention to injure them in any way, but the innocence of your designs seems to pass for nothing; if you come near enough they

can not seem to resist the temptation to give you an unkind reminder of their presence in some way—some word that stings and irritates, or some action that gives expression to their ill-natured disposition.

And after all, what is the use of it? The finest specimens of forest growth do not have any thorns at all. Whether for self-defense or self-assertiveness they seem to need no such appendages. So, too, the finest types of manhood we have met were not of the briar variety. In fact, as among plants the thorn is characteristic of the bramble and the briar rather than of the oak or the pine, so among human beings that ill-natured self-assertiveness to which we refer is an indication of weakness rather than of strength, although there are some who seem to have cultivated that irritating briar type of humanity, and that like other peculiarities of human nature it is one that grows and develops by usage.—*Baptist Missionary Review.*

Sermon Outline

Dimensions of Divine Love

"What is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

I. In its *breadth* the love of God extends to universal humanity, irrespective of nationality, race, color, clime, condition or age.

II. In its *length* this love extends through all ages, pre-existent before the beginning of the measurement of duration and continuing unbroken when time shall be no longer. "From everlasting to everlasting."

III. In respect to its *height* the love of God takes in the heaven of heavens and comprehends among its objects angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the innumerable host of heavenly inhabitants. The atonement of Christ is in some way related to them all, and it is God's purpose in Christ "to reconcile all things unto Himself, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven."

IV. As relates to the *depth* of this love, it is fathomless, an infinite abyss, a bottomless ocean, deeper than human or angelic

thought can reach. "God is love," and His nature is one of infinite depth and fulness. Nor is there any need in man so deep and deplorable but that the love of God outmeasures that depth by infinite reaches and makes provision to meet that need fully.

This love surpasses all mere intellectual knowledge, because infinite in all its proportions, yet it may be known as an experience of the heart, in forgiveness, regeneration, sanctification and spiritual communion and consolation.

Length, breadth, depth and height of the dimensions of solid bodies, and, while love is spiritual and not material, there is a suggestion in the dimensions here ascribed to it that there is something solid and substantial about it after all.

O love, thou bottomless abyss,

My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my righteousness,

Nor spot of guilt remains in me.

While Jesus' blood through earth and
skies,

Mercy, free, boundless, mercy cries.

W. T. H.

Words of Counsel to Ministers

Bishop J. Dickson, Deceased

It is not an unknown thing after the closing up of the week of an annual conference, for some brother minister to feel offended at the wrong that has been done him in the appointment he has received. He had made up his mind before going to conference that it has at last come his time to be favored. So he

selects a choice field for himself and buttonholes the presiding elders, old and new, and others for his choice. In a large majority of cases disappointment and vexation follow. He wonders how it comes that other men get positions in the church, get better charges than he does. He considers himself equally

talented and equally deserving and of course he can see only partiality and prejudice in the stationing committee. No wonder he feels badly over the matter and resigns, or indeed even threatens to leave the church. If these brethren would ask counsel of some one in whose judgment and faithfulness they can rely, they might get facts and counsel that, if received and practised, would do them a world of good.

True, we have people who are fastidious and faultfinding. They look for something more than human in their ministers. But this is not true of all; it is not true with a large majority of our people. Indeed, I have thought sometimes that they are a longsuffering people to bear as they do with some of these preachers. It is the object of this paper to write of some of the things that render certain kinds of preachers unacceptable to the people. In other words, what kind of preachers our people do not like.

A large proportion of the better class of our members do not like a lazy preacher. There are men who seem to go to their charges with the purpose to get along with as little work as they can. They loaf, they sleep, they fish and hunt; anything indeed that they like to do occupies their time. But hard study, faithful pastoral work, and preaching and toiling for souls they take but little interest in. By the way, these men are mostly fond of good dinners and like best to stay where stomach affairs are well seen to. Paul speaks of "slow-bellied" men, much better rendered by another version, "lazy gluttons." The

people do not like these lazy gluttons for ministers. We had a case of this to deal with not long ago. He was a fair preacher, lived a correct Christian life, and had a good revival on his charge, but could not be returned, because he was a lazy glutton. And so he was left without a charge. Do you blame these people? I do not. Laziness and gluttony are in my judgment akin to theft, and who would want a thief for a pastor?

Boyishness is another objection urged against ministers. "Let no man despise thy youth." Timothy could not help being young, but he could help being boyish and trifling in his manners. He could be a man among the people, as a minister he was enjoined to be such, and such no doubt he was. But what of those who are men in years and who remain boys all their lives? They are known, wherever they go, as foolish jesters, always trying to say something smart, something funny, something that will get up a laugh. Whatever persons of like tastes and silliness may think of it, I know our most reliable people don't want these shallow-brained boys for their spiritual guides. They don't want to pay their money for that kind of fun, and they don't want the church to suffer the stigma of such a ministry. They deplore the fact, for this weakness is sometimes coupled with considerable pulpit and other ability. But, if it can not be cured, it will not be endured. If persisted in, it will be rejected.

Another thing that confronts stationing committees sometimes is the want of reliability on the part of

ministers. This manifests itself in various ways. Making engagements only to disregard them, promises to pay bills and not paying them, and not giving any reason why, etc., etc. A minister promises to dine with a family; sometimes as I have learned, with several families the same day. With some of our people it does not matter whether he comes or not; they are used to company of this kind, but when a family gets up a special meal for the preacher, as many do, and after waiting an hour or more he fails to come, it is felt keenly, and must of necessity shake the confidence of the people in him. It has been found, too, as hinted above, that men who are careless about keeping promises in small affairs, are apt to be loose in weightier matters. More than once have I received letters from business men with unpaid accounts, asking that the conference take action in the matter. I blush and feel sad to think that any of our preachers should be open to such charges, they promise again and again to pay, but that is all there is of it.

People who know them of course do not expect much, but there are others who have faith in the Christian ministry, and we ought to be true and honest and retain that confidence.

Some of our ministers have contracted habits that lower them in the estimation of good people. I refer now more especially to the use of tobacco. How frequently have I heard, in our best families, in different parts of the church, opinions expressed on this habit in the

ministry that ought to break it up, it seems to me, with any man who has a regard for his usefulness. One brother said to me quite recently, "I paid our preacher principally with wheat and bacon the past year, for fear my money might be used for tobacco," and added that he was seriously thinking of giving no money to a preacher till he had promised not to spend it for the filthy stuff. The sisters, too, are down on these preachers. They have a right to be, as they have the dirt to clean up after them.

These ministers I know say, "Do not some of our most popular men use tobacco? Men of wide influence?" Some of them do, but they have other qualities to commend them to the people. They are men of fine culture, and of great pulpit ability, and of popular social qualities. You have no right to copy their bad example unless you are pretty sure that you are their equal in other respects. If you do you will make a bad failure. Some of these men cannot afford to buy books; can not even afford to take their church paper and do not. What can you expect of a man who thinks more of his jaws than he does of his brains; who spends more for tobacco than he does for books, and starves his mind for the sake of indulging a debased appetite? It would, I am sure, add to the usefulness of any of our preachers to rid themselves of this foul habit. It is a necessity for those to do so who can not more than get along at the best.

I had thought of adding something on the habit of always being

behind. Behind—at their appointments; behind at getting up in the morning; behind at their meals, keeping others waiting on them, or, what to many is unpleasant—going

on without them. But my article is already longer than I intended, so in the hope that somebody will be benefited by what I have written, I close.—*Religious Telescope.*

The Foreign Field

Mission Work in Pondoland

Rev. J. P. Brodhead

In our Africa mission work there is no doubt about Pondoland being the coming country, so far as our South Africa field is concerned.

The colony of Natal, about 35,000 square miles in extent, is occupied from one end to the other by from twenty-five to thirty church and missionary societies which, of course, have many branches and out-stations. As to why so many societies have chosen, on landing at Durban from across the seas, to establish missions in Africa, to settle down in Natal and not push out into "the regions beyond," where the gospel is more greatly needed, can not be explained in this present article. But the fact remains that Natal has for some time been quite "fully occupied" by mission societies, and especially as compared with other parts of South Africa. Hence, to the mind of the writer, the wisdom and necessity of pushing out and away from Natal.

Pondoland lies next to Natal in location, being south and west from the "Garden Colony," as Natal is called. It is really an immense native location, a large section of country maintained by the British government for the natives of the colony. White people are excluded

from taking up land there, as they do in other parts of South Africa. Traders, however, are allowed to settle among the natives; also lawyers, doctors and some other classes who may be deemed necessary helps to the natives. And here and there missionaries are allowed to enter to teach the natives.

The climate on the whole is healthful, and is more vigorous than that of Natal, the seasons being the same as found there, comprising the "wet" or spring-summer season from November to March, and the "dry" or fall-winter season, from April to October.

The thousands on thousands of natives found in Pondoland are under native chiefs, with limited powers, who, in turn, are under the direct control and oversight of the British government.

The government is very careful about whom they allow as missionaries to enter among the natives; but when certain conditions are met, as required, and all is satisfactory with the natives, a site will be marked off by some government representative, of about four and one-half acres of land, on which the missionary can erect his mission buildings. This land does not be

long to the mission society, as other property may, but is ceded and is to be held by the society as a site from which to conduct mission work, and nothing else. Operating from such a grant of land from the government on any other lines, such as store-keeping, or other things, would invalidate the right of the society to longer hold the site. The land must be used only for the purpose for which it is given. [Surely there is no injustice in this.]

Here in this territory our church has two mission sites. The need is great, laborers few, and the people want the gospel. One of these sites is Greenville Mission Station, and the other is known as "Baleni's place," thus called after Chief Baleni, who rules over the people of this part of the country. Brother and Sister Anderson are doing work

at Greenville Mission, among Patekile's people, but though my promise was made to Baleni, personally, that we would send him a missionary six years ago, we have not been able as yet to send him one. Oh, what need! How this inability has been resting as a heavy burden upon my heart all these years! At different times during the time of our sojourn in the homeland has word been sent me, by Baleni, "Where is my missionary? Hurry up my missionary," etc.

How glad we would be to go to Baleni's ourselves, on return to Africa. The center of our work is shifting farther west from Fair View, Natal; and Pondoland bids fair to be, as we continue in divine order, the scene of much active operations on mission lines.

Franklin, Pennsylvania.

Asia—Moslem Lands

CONFERENCE OF MOSLEM CONVERTS

The first conference for Moslem converts in Egypt was held at Zeitoun, Cairo, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June. A large tent was erected for the delegates, for at least twenty-five men came at the beginning and stayed all the time. Between meetings one might have heard the sound of praying in Arabic from upstairs, and the missionaries pleading for blessing in English. Not only the converts received blessing, but all the missionaries who attended the conference.

The C. M. S., the American Mission, the Egypt General Mission, and the Dutch Mission were all represented. Among those who at-

tended was Barakat (Blessings); a tall man from up country, once a slave, now a native pastor. Two men who had been together as Moslems in Jerusalem five years ago, met here for the first time since then, both having become Christians. Ishaak, an evangelist in Ismailia, told how he was one of eight men who had come out for Christ at the same time in Akhmeem.

Two letters were drawn up at the conference, and signed by all the converts present. The first to other Moslem converts in Egypt, encouraging them in the Lord, and the second for missionaries in other Moslem lands, so that they might have it to show to those who say there

are never any converts from Islam.

The following is to Moslem brethren in all lands:

DEAR FRIENDS:

We, a company of converts from Islam, gathered together in conference at Zeitoun, near Cairo, send you our greetings.

Having heard from time to time, by means of the Christian missionaries working among you, that you have some doubt concerning the existence of actual converts from Islam in the world at all, but more particularly in Egypt, the "Citadel of Islam"—we (personally for ourselves present at the conference, and

vicariously on behalf of those unable to attend) have the pleasure to tell you that we have heard and received the "Good News" of Salvation through Jesus Christ, and having sacrificed all things to obtain this saving knowledge, we have found it the sweetest and most precious thing, for by it we have discovered at one and the same time our guilt before God and mercy and forgiveness from Him, together with deliverance from the power of sin. All we can desire for you is that you may obtain a share in this heavenly blessing, which the "World" knoweth not, and never can know, that it may save you as it has saved us.—*The Missionary Review.*

Experience

The Haldanes

Miss Adella P. Carpenter

God often employs unusual agencies for the revival of true religion.

Robert and James Haldane were His instruments in Scotland and other countries in the early part of the nineteenth century to arouse men, as the ordinary services of the church did not arouse them, to the claims of divine truth.

Robert was not a minister and James was never an ordained minister until after several years of most successful preaching in chapels, fields and highways his brethren urged him to accept the sanction and authority of the church.

They were left orphans in early life, being bereaved of both father and mother by the time James was six years old. They were brought up by their maternal grandmother, better educated than was customary, after some time attending high school at Edinburgh.

Each chose for some years a sea-faring life; Robert entered the navy when he was sixteen. James was employed by the East India Company for ten years, where his conduct was exemplary and his attention to duty received the praise of his superiors. At last he was offered the command of a vessel, but divine provi-

dence had other plans for him, and he was hindered in accepting the position.

Robert enjoyed life in the navy, and won praise for effective service; but upon attaining his majority he resigned, married, and settled upon the estate left to him by his father.

Their lives at sea were good and brave, but they lost the religious impressions that had followed them since infancy. God, however, did not forget the prayers of their devoted mother.

On visiting a southern port of England, they met a pious clergyman, Dr. Bogue, who became deeply interested in the young brothers. They attended his ministry, and he, with great care, aided them in the selection of books to read on their voyages, including among some religious ones, Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," etc., which was greatly blest to their good. But it was not until after they had left the sea that they became savingly acquainted with God.

Robert became interested in country pursuits and received much spiritual illumination from a godly, humble mason employed upon his estate. He conversed earnestly with many clergyman, studied

the Scriptures, and as soon as he knew God for himself, he was impressed with the importance of extending His kingdom on earth.

He and his wife determined to sell their large estate and devote the use of their property to the establishment of a mission in the city of Benares, India. Several godly ministers offered to accompany him and assist him in the work of the mission, the whole expense of the movement to be borne by Mr. Haldane; but the East India Company objected and prevented his carrying out his purpose, although he did sell his beautiful place of abode. He says of it later: "In that transaction I sincerely rejoice to this hour, although disappointed in getting out to India. I gave up a place and a situation which continually presented objects calculated to excite and to gratify the 'lust of the eye and the pride of life.' Instead of being engaged in such poor matters, my time is more at my command, and I find my power of usefully applying property very considerably increased."

James Haldane married and settled in the city of Edinburgh. His views of divine truth became clearer and his own hope of salvation so assured, that he was impelled to preach the gospel to others. Knowing of the spiritual desolation of North Scotland and the carelessness of its ministers, he and his friend, Mr. Aikman, started in a light open wagon bought for the purpose, traveled at their own expense, scattered about twenty thousand tracts and pamphlets, and preached wherever they could, to thousands, calling the people by means of bell-men and town-drummers.

James Haldane's powerful appeals reached the consciences of multitudes, and very many were saved.

On this tour, they visited the Orkney Islands, and a remarkable anecdote is connected with their going there.

They found an old man, ninety-two years old, who was confined to his bed. Mr. Haldane says: "I asked him what was to become of him after death. He replied that he was very ignorant, could not read, but had sometimes prayed to

God. He knew nothing of Christ. He had once prayed when a lad that God would send some teacher to enlighten his darkness."

After eighty years God had answered that prayer! Mr. Haldane taught him the way of salvation through faith in Jesus and he eagerly grasped the truth, saying with earnestness, "I believe, I believe!" Surely one day is with the Lord as a thousand years!

After James Haldane's return from his northern tour, his idea of leading the retired life of a country gentleman was at an end. He visited the south and west of Scotland. Rev. John Newton wrote of him and his companion: "If all were like-minded with Messrs. Haldane and Aikman, I would pray the Lord to increase their number a hundred-fold. Give them my love and tell them that I rejoice in their zeal, their acceptance, and their success."

During this second tour, they met the celebrated Rev. Rowland Hill. He was told of them. He says: "It was a marvelous circumstance, quite a phenomenon, that an East India captain, a gentleman of good family and connections, should turn out an itinerant preacher; that he should travel from town to town, and all against his own interest and character. This information was enough for me. I immediately sought out the itinerants."

Mr. Hill went on to Edinburgh. "A party of Christian gentlemen were one evening met in town. They had been speaking of the Tabernacle in London, supplied by popular ministers of different denominations from the country, each preaching for a month. The crowds it attracted and the good it had done were very great." One suggested having a similar house of worship in Edinburgh. Another asked, "Who could be got to supply it?" Rev. Rowland Hill and others were suggested. Another said, "The use of the circus may be got for Sabbaths, as the Relief congregation are on the eve of leaving it." "With his usual promptitude Mr. Robert Haldane turned to a lawyer who was present, saying, 'Mr. Dymock, will you inquire about it to-morrow, and if it be to let,

take it for a year?" "It was secured the next day; Mr. Hill was invited, he came and preached for some time. The building, said to hold two thousand five hundred, was often more than full. It was said of him, "Perhaps no other man was so useful in the conversion of souls." It was difficult to find preachers to follow Mr. Hill. James Haldane was persuaded to accept ordination, and to supply the Circus church.

Robert Haldane determined to educate a number of pious young men who might give evidence of promising talents and asked several ministers to help him look out worthy candidates. It is believed that about three hundred young men received more or less preparatory training for the Christian ministry, at an expense of not less than one hundred thousand dollars to Robert Haldane.

James did not cease his itinerating tours and multitudes heard the Word of God from his lips, aside from those who were benefitted by his ministrations in Edinburgh.

In later life Robert Haldane took a memorable visit to France and Switzerland. The state of religion was lamentably low in those countries. The clergy were mostly Arians or Socinians. In

Geneva he found only two whom he could rightly call evangelical. God greatly blessed his labors to the good of many, especially students, among whom was the afterward celebrated Merle d'Aubigne.

After a long life of service for the Master, with purse and pen and tongue, he went to be with Jesus, saying, "You can not conceive the comfort I possess." The last words he was heard to utter were, "Forever with the Lord"—"forever"—"forever."

James survived his brother for several years, living to the age of eighty-three, having spent fifty-two years in preaching the gospel. He was a man of much prayer, most diligent in the constant study of the Bible, always "instant in season, and out of season." The effect of his preaching was so great, the authority with which he declared the Word of God so astonishing, that many thought the message directed personally to them, and were afraid their names would be called aloud. "The habits he had acquired at sea in baffling with the elements and with the untamed energy of rude and fearless men, stood him in good stead when called to contend for liberty of speech and worship."

North Chili, New York.

Our Young People

A Missionary for Africa

Mary Potter Angell

It was the second Monday in September. The world had begun to move on again—the city world, I mean; and the children had filed, a little army, six hundred strong, into the Green Street school. Down in Number One, where the yellow sunshine streamed in, and there were lovely pictures and plants, and some wonderful goldfish in a great, shining globe, the young, gifted teacher, Catharine Phillips, was receiving the little ones to their first experience of school life.

The racial variety of "Young America" here emphasized itself. Some tiny pink and white Puritan maidens in the

front row had for background a cluster of dark-eyed, dark-haired Italian boys. A goodly contingent from Ireland filled in the center, and like a star in their midst sparkled a little French beauty. Flaxen-haired German children predominated on the left; dark-browed Russia, of the Hebrew type, occupied the front right-hand corner, with China, represented by two little half-Chinese girls, in the immediate neighborhood. Throughout the room there was a liberal representation of the descendants of Africa.

Pink cheeks, freckled cheeks, brown cheeks, black cheeks; Catharine's heart,

warm and womanly, went out to them all. They knew it by the shining of her brown eyes and the kind tones of her clear voice. America, Ireland, Germany, France, Russia, China, Africa, took careful note of the peach color in her cheeks, the white teeth that shone between her full red lips when she talked and sang, and the pretty blue and white waist she wore. By half-past nine o'clock Catharine Phillips had the world at her feet.

All were quiet and solemn with the importance of the occasion, and busy with some work familiar to them in the kindergarten, except that once Russia forgot his exalted position in real school, and called over to France that his was the biggest, and Italy told America, in a loud whisper, that hers was the prettiest, when over in the farther corner by the east window a dusky hand was thrust upward, and a pair of great black eyes was fixed upon Miss Phillips.

Catharine was learning the names, and writing them into her plan of the room. She had not reached that vicinity, so she said, "Yes, little boy."

"De sun up in deskies
Is shinin' in my eyes."

When the window shade was adjusted the eyes looked earnestly into hers, and then significantly at her pencil.

"My name is James Augustus George Washington Coles. Dey calls me Jimmy."

Jimmy was not from the kindergarten. He told Miss Phillips that he had been to school down in Virginia. He "disremembered" the other name of the place. Though he was older by at least two years than the oldest of the kindergarten children, his education had not progressed sufficiently for his admission to the second grade.

"He is a queer little specimen," said the principal. "You can make something of him if anybody can, Miss Phillips."

On the very next morning Jimmy presented himself half an hour late. When questioned, he answered nonchalantly that he had been to Bog Pond to catch bullfrogs. "Dey laigs is good to eat. I'll catch some mo' an' gib 'em to you."

After an interview with the principal, Jimmy was sent to his seat to copy the statement, "I see a cat."

Presently his hand was lifted high.

"Yes, Jimmy."

"You mus' a' said scat;
I don' se no cat."

The children giggled a little, but Catharine said coolly, "Oh, we mean just that large picture of a cat by the door."

This seemed to satisfy Jimmy, and he apparently applied himself to his work; but in a few minutes a hand before him and a hand beside him were waved agonizingly.

"What is the trouble, Michael?"

"Jimmy Coles is stickin' his pencil in-til the back of me neck."

"Well, Gretchen?"

"Dot black boy hass got my nice wite paper."

Jimmy was marched out of the school-room and into the dressing-room adjoining, there to remain in solitary confinement until Catharine could find time for an interview. But in about half an hour his eyes appeared at the casement of the doorway, as if he himself were in a horizontal position on the other side.

"Lemme come in at de do',
An' I won't be bad no mo'."

Reinstated in his seat in the afternoon, Jimmy hung himself over it backward in such a manner as to suggest that he was made of India rubber.

This was a specimen of the early days of Jimmy's life in Number One. What persuasion and mild punishment could not do for him was at last partially accomplished by the principal's strap, to which Catharine very unwillingly submitted him.

And yet Jimmy, with his odd rhymes, was sometimes quite irresistible.

"I choose de yellow one;
I tink it's lak de sun."

One rainy morning, after Jimmy had Jimmy hung himself over it backward learned by painful experience that it was best for him to be in his seat on time, Miss Phillips was reviewing a lesson on the rain. "The raindrops are falling fast

this morning. Where do they come from?"

"From the sky," answered Michael.

"Where were they before they found their way up to the sky?"

"In the sea," answered Bobby Bowarski.

"And in the rivers and mud puddles," added Marie.

"How did they get up into the sky?"

"God put them there," from Alice Bradford.

"That is true. I told the children about God's way of doing it."

Up rose the right hand of Jimmy with a solemn air.

"How is it, Jimmy?"

"I've seen angels car'vin' little raindrops up into de sky."

"You have seen pictures of angels, Jimmy."

"No, ma'am; dey was real little angels car'vin' de raindrops up into de sky."

"Jimmy has seen the pretty white clouds, and they looked to him like angels."

Jimmy shook his head. "Dey was sho' nuff little angels."

Fortunately one of the older girls remembered the sun just then, and it did not seem to be necessary to continue the controversy with Jimmy.

It was soon after this that Jimmy's conduct began to improve. Sometimes an entire session would pass without his banishment to the dressing-room to work out his number lesson or to finish his copy apart from temptation. When forced upon him in solitary confinement his work was fairly well done.

One day—and that was a red-letter day—Jimmy had not once laid himself open to reproof. His hand was lifted solemnly just before the close of the afternoon session.

Miss Phillips smiled and nodded.

"Please kin I stay an' help you to-night?"

"Certainly, Jummy."

Jimmy cleaned the blackboards, collected the pencils, picked up some stray scraps of paper and emptied the wastebasket. Then he came and stood with a serious, important expression before his

teacher. "Miss Phillips, I ain' goin' to be bad no mo'."

"I'm very glad, Jimmy. What is it that is going to keep you good?"

"I'se j'ined de Chuniors."

"Joined what, Jimmy?"

"De Chuniors. Dey meets in de Firs' Baptis' Chu'ch eb'y Sunday ebenin'."

"Oh, the Junior Endeavor Society!"

"Yes; I reckon dat's de name. You see my mammy's de cook down to de big house nex' do' to de chu'ch. I goes down to see her eb'y Sunday. Eb'y days I libs wid my aunt, Mis' Rose Amaryllis Burch. One Sunday mammy says she don' wan' me bodderin' roun', so I goes an' sits on de steps to de chu'ch. De minister's wife come 'long, an' she ax me don' I wan' ter go in an' hear de chillen sing. I goes in an' I likes it, an' bimeby she axes me don' I wan' ter go eb'y Sunday, an' she reckon I can be a Chunjior, too. I reckon I kin, but I know I mus' be good. De minister's wife say de Chuniors mus' be good in school, an' not bodder dey teachers. Las' ebenin' I was boted in. A boy say my name out, an' dey all bote I kin be a member dey s'ciety. Now I mus' n' be bad no mo'."

"You goes to dat chu'ch, Miss Phillips?" continued Jimmy a little later, coming in from beating the crayon dust out of the erasers. "I saw you dar once. My mammy likes to go dar des as well as to de Zion chu'ch. Two times she lemme go 'long. I see you wid dat gen'leman dat come to school one day las' week. He looks des lak' a doctor. Is he a doctor, Miss Phillips?"

"Yes, Jimmy. He is a doctor."

Jimmy's membership in the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor did not at once transform him into a model of behavior, but henceforth his sins were those of weakness and not of intention.

"He is very endurable now," was Catharine's report. "There was never any downright wickedness in the boy's conduct. His trouble is shiftlessness and an inordinate fondness for fun with mischief in it."

"Aren't those qualities sometimes more trying to the schoolma'am than a modicum of total depravity?" the principal

asked, looking at the teacher.

"I should hate to exchange them in Jimmy for the least amount of total depravity," was Catharine's answer. Then she turned and walked down the hall, while unsuspected by her, the eyes of the principal followed her admiringly, and he said to himself, "Oh, for a dozen teachers like her!"

Catharine now began to look forward to Monday with a sense of relief so far as Jimmy was concerned. The influence of the Sunday afternoon meeting often extended even until Tuesday noon. Invariably on Monday afternoons he requested with an amusing air of self-righteousness to be allowed to remain to help. This meant some impressive communication with reference to the Juniors or the minister's wife. On one of these bright Mondays Jimmy produced from his pocket a bit of cardboard cut in the outline of a shoe.

"Please, ma'am,"—holding it before Catharine's eyes—"read dat fo' me. De minister's wife gib it to me. She gib one to e'by one dey Chunjors, an' said fo' 'em to ax somebody who dat man was, an' why did she write his name on a shoe. My mammy don' know, an' my Aunt Amaryllis don' know. I 'spec' you kin tell."

Catharine read the name. "William Carey. He was a shoemaker who became a great missionary. He lived a great many years ago in England."

A great light broke over Jimmy's face. "I know de missiona'y. De missiona'y goes 'way off where dey don' know 'bout God an' 'Suffer little chillen.' I reckoned you'd know, Miss Phillips. Now I kin tell de minister's wife"—

"Mrs. Edwards, you must say, Jimmy."

"Now I kin tell her. What you call de missiona'y?"

"William Carey."

"William Ca'ey was a great mission'y an' he became a shoemaker."

"Oh, no, Jimmy!" Catharine was trying hard not to laugh. "He was a shoemaker first, afterwards he became a great missionary. William Carey was a shoemaker who became a great missionary. Say it after me, Jimmy."

Instead of repeating his lesson at once verbatim, Jimmy stood a full minute as if in a dream, then he said:

"He wan't a baker;
He was a shoemaker,
Den William Ca'ey
Was a great missiona'y."

Jimmy went out to empty the wastebasket; when he came back he said: "Miss Phillips, tell me some mo' 'bout William Ca'ey. Don' you know any stories 'bout him lak you do 'bout George Washington an' Mr. Longfeller?"

"I'm afraid I don't, Jimmy."

"You reckon de minister's—Miss Edwards, kin tell some?"

"I think she can, Jimmy."

The doctor himself walked in just then. Jimmy withdrew to a corner and stared until his eyes bade fair to become the only feature of his face. After a little, Miss Phillips called him and told him merrily to ask the doctor if he knew any stories about William Carey.

But the doctor did not know any, either.

After dismissing Jimmy, Catharine and the doctor found subjects of common interest of later date and more closely associated with themselves than William Carey. They walked under the crimson leaves of late October until dark without further mention of the missionary hero, but a few days later, when the doctor was called out of town, a messenger brought Catharine a parcel with a note. A part of the letter ran thus:

"I send you the life of Jimmy's favorite hero. Learn some stories about him for me as well as for Jimmy."

"Yours forever, ALEC."

Three or four Mondays after the introduction of William Carey, Miss Phillips was electrified by Jimmy's looking up suddenly from the pencils he was sorting with the question, "Is yo' doctor 'quainted with Doctor Chudson?"

"Jimmy, you mustn't speak in that way; you must say Dr. Clifton."

Jimmy was silent for a few minutes; then he asked, "Is Dr. Clifton kin to Dr. Chudson?"

"No, Jimmy; I don't think he knows

any Dr. Judson."

"Miss Edwards tole us 'bout Dr. Chudson las' ebenin'. He was a missiona'y lak' William Ca'ey. Don' you know any stories 'bout him, Miss Phillips?"

Jimmy's eyes fairly kindled as Catharine answered, "I can tell you that he was a great and good man, and that he went as a missionary to a far-away country called Burma."

"An' de wicked king put 'im in prison, an' he was sick, an' dey made 'im walk a long ways, an' de sun was so hot he mos' die. But he fix de Bible fo' 'em to read, an' he tole 'em not to worship idols any mo'; an' after while dey didn't, an' dey jined de chu'ch. I wish you'd tell de chillen some stories 'bout Dr. Chudson."

Catharine asked the doctor, jokingly, that night about his acquaintance with Dr. Judson.

"I'm afraid I'm not so well acquainted with him as I ought to be," was his answer, and Catharine's next book was a bulky one. Together they read *The Life of Adoniram Judson*.

About this time the treasurer of the Farther Lights Circle asked Catharine for a dollar, and she almost took away the girl's breath by giving her ten times that amount.

"Do you know 'bout dat place, China?" was Jimmy's next Monday night question. "Dey's a doctor in China, too—Dr. Ash-Ashmo'. Don' Dr. Clifton know Dr. Ashmo'? Don' you know dem stories 'bout how de Chinese boys got hit an' killed an' dey arms cut off 'kase dey won' worship idols any mo'? I reckon de little white angels took 'em to hebben fo' sho'. An' dere dey don' cry any mo'."

"What's that?" cried the doctor, coming in at the open door. "Making poetry, Jimmy?"

"Dat ain' poetry," Jimmy answered, seriously; "dat's de hones' truf."

"Do you know Dr. Ashmore, Alec?" asked Catharine.

"Dr. Ashmore! Oh, I see. He's one of Jimmy's missionary heroes. Well, no, Jimmy, I haven't the honor of his acquaintance, but if he is as good as Dr. Carey and Dr. Judson I should like to shake hands with him."

For some weeks the heart of the pastor of the First church had been cheered by the regular attendance at the mid-week prayer meeting of Dr. Clifton and Miss Phillips; and frequently the doctor's sincere, thoughtful words of testimony added not a little to the interest and helpfulness of the meeting. Pastor Edwards wondered a little at the newly awakened interest of the two young people. Had he known what they were reading he would not have wondered. *The Siege in Peking* came in after their introduction to Dr. Ashmore, as well as some leaflets by Dr. Ashmore himself. Then Catharine's cheeks flushed and her eyes filled over *The Lady of the Lily Feet* and *The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood*. One of the Farther Lights loaned her *In Brightest Asia* and *The Life of Pundita Ramabai*, and a Christmas gift from his mother to the doctor was *The New Acts of the Apostles*.

One evening the doctor called at Miss Phillips' boarding place at an unusually early hour. "I hear," he said, "that one of Jimmy's doctors is to speak in the Myrtle Avenue church this evening."

"I'm very glad. This will be the first one we have the honor to meet. Who is it?"

"Dr. Downie."

They were deeply interested and touched as they listened to Dr. Downie's account of the still wonderful work, the light and shadow, the joy and sorrow, in the Telugu country. But they talked of other matters on the way home; so often do young people speak little of things which weigh heavily on their hearts.

Jimmy's next doctor was Dr. Dearing. He had his picture cut out of a paper that he had begged of Mrs. Edwards. Catharine borrowed some numbers of the *Missionary Magazine*, and read his straightforward article to the doctor, who told Jimmy that he should like to shake hands with Dr. Dearing, too.

One Monday morning in April, Ireland, Russia, Germany and Italy laid down their pencils and gazed at Jimmy's desk. The cause was not far to seek. Jimmy himself was sitting in speechless and proud admiration before two neatly made

little paper boats, masts, sails and all complete.

"Dey's my Missiona'y Union," he said.

"Very well," said Miss Phillips; "let me put them on my desk where all the children can see them."

This arrangement was quite satisfactory. The boats remained on exhibition all day, and Jimmy's education progressed with unusual success.

After school he gave a full account of the Junior meeting: "De minister's—Miss Edwards had two boats an' a car an' a big Bible an' a flag an' a picture of a chu'ch. A girl hol' de boats, a big boy hol' de car an' de Bible, an' anudder girl hol' de flag and de chu'ch. Dey all had names. De little girl wid de boats was de Missiona'y Union, de boy was de Publication S'ciety, an' de udder girl was de Home Missiona'y S'ciety. De Missiona'y Union car'ies de gospel 'cross de sea to India and China an' de place where Dr. Dearin' go. So it has to have a big boat. Dis big boat is fo' de Missiona'y Union, and dis little boat is fo' de ladies to go in. I 'spec' it's de ladies' Missiona'y Union. When I got home las' night I tol' Viola Gertrude 'bout de boats, an' she mek' me a big Missiona'y Union ob my own. Den she mek' herself a little Missiona'y Union, kase she hav' to go in de ladies' boat, an' she said I might bring 'em bofe to show to you. Dis boat is my Missiona'y Union, Miss Phillips. I'se gwine to sail 'cross de sea in it to car'y de gospel."

The warm, bright May days were almost too much for Jimmy's indolent, ease-loving disposition, and his love of sunshine and vagrancy—an inheritance handed down to him through untold generations—brought him once to grief. Even the influence of the Juniors did not keep him wholly within bounds; but on the Monday after the missionary meeting there was a marked change. "Kin I stay an' help you to-night?" he asked with a pathetic little touch of humility in his voice.

"Do you know 'bout Africa, Miss Phillips?" he asked as soon as the other nations had filed out. "Do you know 'bout de doctor's 'way off dar—Dr. Rock—Dr. Livin'rock?"

"Oh, yes, Dr. Livingstone! I know about him."

"An' de Congo rivah an' Dr. Leslie an' Mr. Richards? An' how de black people bring dey horrid lookin' idols an' make a big bonfire of 'im? Deys a lady doctor over dar. Her name's des lak' you's, on'y it ain't Miss Phillips."

"I must make her acquaintance," said Catharine.

"An' here, I brought you de picture book. Miss Edwards lemme have it fo' you."

The picture book, soiled and crumpled with Jimmy's handling, was *The Pente-cost on the Congo*, by Henry Richards. [Who of our readers has read it?]

"I reckon if you read dat you'll know some stories 'bout de doctors. Mammy say I kin be a doctor some day an' go to Africa in de Missiona'y Union lak' Mr. Jackson dat useter be de minister to de Zion chu'ch."

"Good-night, Miss Phillips."

Jimmy went out, but he put his head in at the door again to say, "I reckon I'll go to Africa in de Missiona'y Union to car'y de gospel."

"'Good-night, good-night,

I'll come again in mawnin' light.'"

Dr. Clifton and Catharine read Jimmy's picture book together that evening.

In the morning a flock of her little ones met Catharine half way down Green street with awestruck faces.

"Jimmy Jones is dead."

Catharine stood still and looked at the sorrowful little group. "Why, no—it must be a mistake!"

"No, ma'am; it ain't any mistake," said an older girl. "He was sittin' on the steps last night, and Viola Gertrude Burch was sittin' on the steps, too, with her baby brother. The baby run into the street just as a team was comin'. He was most under the horse. Jimmy run and grabbed the baby, but he fell down and the horse kicked him, and he didn't live more'n an hour."

At the close of the morning session, Catharine, guided by some of the children, went to Jimmy's home. The girl had related the story of the accident truthfully. Jimmy had rescued the baby,

the horse had given him a cruel blow on his chest, and he had never recovered consciousness.

His own words came to Catharine as she looked at the still, dark little form—"Up dar dey don' cry no mo'." * * *

It was the last of June. Dr. Clifton and Catharine were walking under the arching trees, and beyond was a rose-colored sunset.

"I have thought the same of you, Cath—you had something on your mind, Alec," said Catharine, trying to speak lightly. "I shall not insist upon hearing it, but I shall be delighted to listen if you will tell me what it is."

"I have thought the same of you, Catharine; but perhaps it is only because your school has tired you."

"No, I'm not tired." Catharine smiled faintly. "What if the same matter should be weighing on both our minds? Tell me yours and I'll tell you mine."

"It is the opportunity on the other side of the world, Catharine. Physicians on this side by the million; on that, there's about one to the million who need medical skill. And nothing can win the people to the gospel like the power to relieve their bodily ills. I have been study-

ing up medical missions. I would gladly go; but you, Catharine!"—

The doctor's voice was noticeably full of pain.

"Some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors, some *doctors* and some *teachers*," quoted Catharine. Interpolating a word to suit the occasion. "Why should you be troubled about me? Haven't I been doing Foreign Mission work at home for three years? It won't be so very much harder to do the same work abroad if you will let me teach at the same station with you. I have heard the call. It came through Jimmy."

"Jimmy never was a missionary to Africa, but he was something of a missionary to us, eh, Catharine?"

The executive committee of the Missionary Union thanked God and took courage when, two months later, a talented and skilled young physician and his wife—an experienced teacher—offered themselves for service in the foreign field.

"Wherever the need is greatest we are willing to go," they said; "but if it seems best to you, we would like to go to Africa."—*Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.*

Publisher's Note

Our subscribers will regret to learn that this magazine is about to be discontinued.

That it served a gracious mission in the early history of the church while edited by Rev. Benjamin T. Roberts, and later while in the hands of his son, Rev. Benson H. Roberts, can not be questioned; and it will be readily conceded that during the past year under the editorial charge of Rev. Wilson T. Hogue a high standard of excellence has been maintained in all departments treated, and that this periodical has deserved a wider circulation than we have been able to secure for it.

When in 1860 THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN was first issued, a monthly magazine of its form at \$1.00 or \$1.25 a year was quite popular, but of late years the religious weekly newspaper containing

much more matter and giving weekly information has largely superseded the monthly publication. The *Guide to Holiness*, a similar magazine, upon which the writer served as clerk for a number of years, had at one time a list of 32,000 subscribers, but this publication has long since ceased to exist in magazine form, having been absorbed by a religious newspaper.

The fact that for several months the publication had not been self-sustaining, together with the resignation of the editor, made necessary by ill health, to take effect with the close of the present year, was thought sufficient reason by the Executive Committee to order its discontinuance with the December number.

An equitable adjustment will be made with all whose subscriptions expire during the year 1910.

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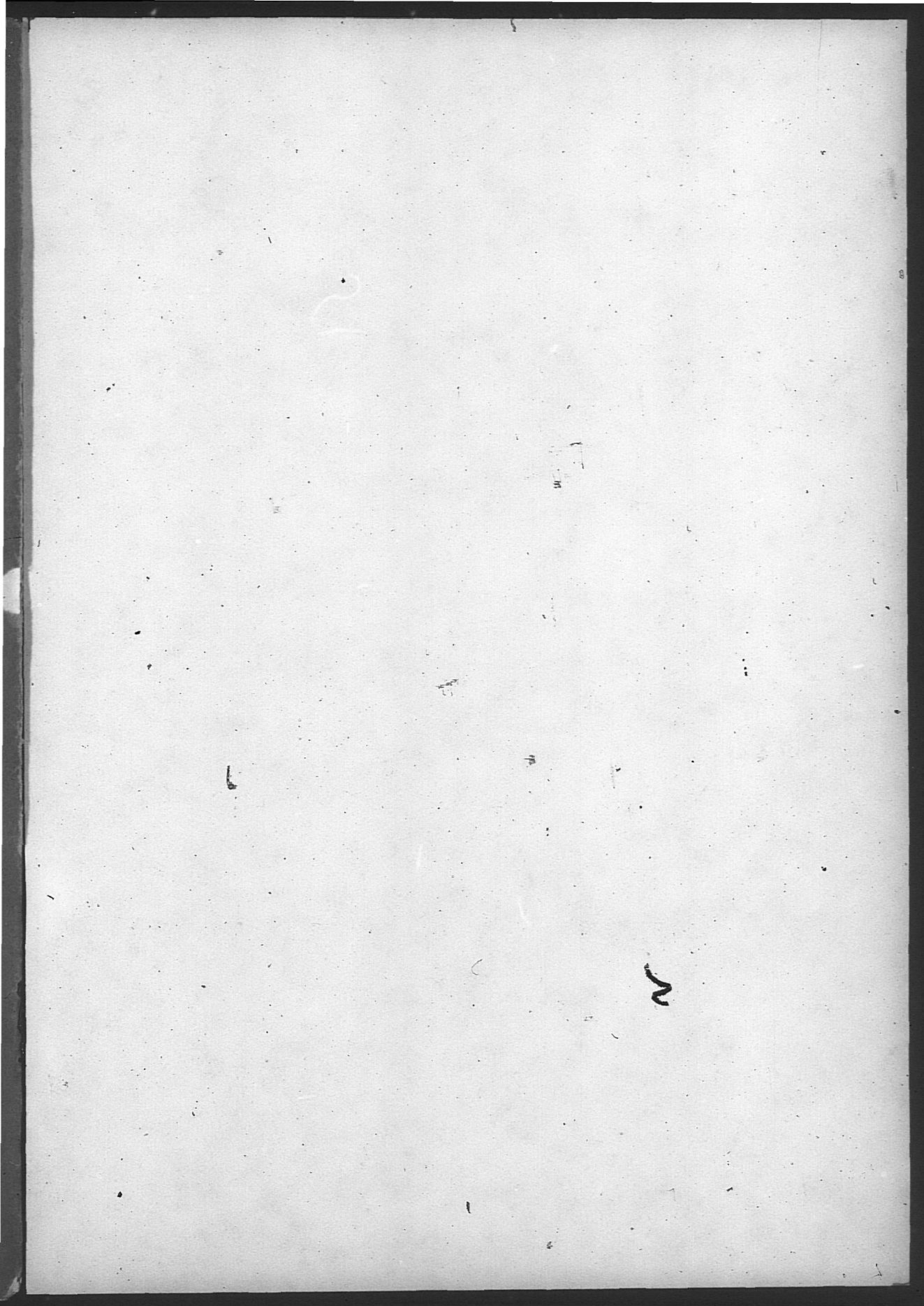
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